



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

OCTOBER
1963





OFFICIAL host and hostess for the Milwaukee Basha hospitality room night at the 1963 CBI reunion were Joe and Ida Pohorsky, shown here in their "native" costumes. This was the opening event of the Milwaukee reunion.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Development** of a CBI beard is indicated by this month's cover picture, which shows Mr. and Mrs. Emil Tessari of Chicago, Ill., with National Commander Eugene Brauer (right) at the Milwaukee reunion. Gene appeared in similar attire on the cover of the October 1961 issue . . . we suggest you compare the two pictures to see what we mean about the beard!

● **Spelling** of CBI locations is sometimes confusing . . . you can take your choice of two or three and still be entirely correct. For instance, we've usually spelled KATHMANDU with an H, but the news services and magazines seem to prefer the shorter KATMANDU. Don't be surprised to find it both ways in Ex-CBI Roundup.

● **How about** a trip back to India in 1964? Almost 20 years have passed since you were there during the war . . . it's time to take another look at this always-interesting country. We're considering sponsorship of a 19-day trip via jet plane from New York in early October of next year, at a cost of approximately \$1,500 per person. Let us know right away if you would be interested.

● **Another** outstanding CBI reunion has been held . . . you missed a dandy if you weren't in Milwaukee. Better plan now to be in Philadelphia next year and Houston in 1965.

● **Don't forget** to notify us promptly if you change your address.

Basha Officers

● The Dhobi Wallah Basha in Seattle recently had its annual election and elected the following: Commander, Elisha Morgan Jr.; vice commander, Russell Waldo; judge advocate, John M. Murray; provost marshal, Tom Buchanan; finance officer, Lee Bakker, who also was appointed adjutant; and appointed Joseph W. Marshall as chaplain.

LEE BAKKER,
Seattle, Wash.

Exciting Days

● Have forgotten how long this memorable magazine has been coming to me, but it still is the pleasure it was in the beginning. Roundup keeps alive those exciting days of 20 years ago in China and India. Was formerly with 1342 Base Unit, ATC, Chanyi, China.

W. R. SECCOMBE,
Van Nuys, Calif.



BEGGAR at Agra, India, in 1944. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

OCTOBER, 1963



INDIAN at Karachi, with pet snake. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

R. H. Wellington

● Lt. Col. R. H. Wellington passed away recently in Palo Alto, Calif. "Duke" Wellington was an old China hand and served with CCC and the "Y" Force. In civilian life he was secretary and comptroller of the California Ink Co. in San Francisco before his retirement a few years ago. He was an ardent horseman. "Duke" was one of the earliest Ex-CBI Roundup boosters in this area. An early CBIVA member, he helped organize and was second commander of the old Kan Bei Basha in San Francisco. Poor health had forced him to curtail his basha activities in recent years, but he still maintained his interest in the progress of the CBIVA and its bashas. A son survives.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Joseph Raba

● My brother, Joseph Raba of 1903 Carlisle Avenue, Racine, Wis., died of cancer on May 13, 1963. He

was 53 years old and a bachelor. During World War II he served in the U.S. Army as warrant officer with the Quartermaster Corps and was overseas in Burma and India for two years. For 12 years he had been employed by the J. C. Penney Co. and the past 10 years had been with Massey-Ferguson, Inc., North American Parts Division.

MRS. ANNA MUELLER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Milton E. Murray

● Regret to inform you that my brother, Corp. Milton E. Murray, passed away May 14, 1963, after an illness of two years. Milton just loved receiving this magazine; always looked forward to receiving it.

MARGARET V. MURRAY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Percy A. Koetsier

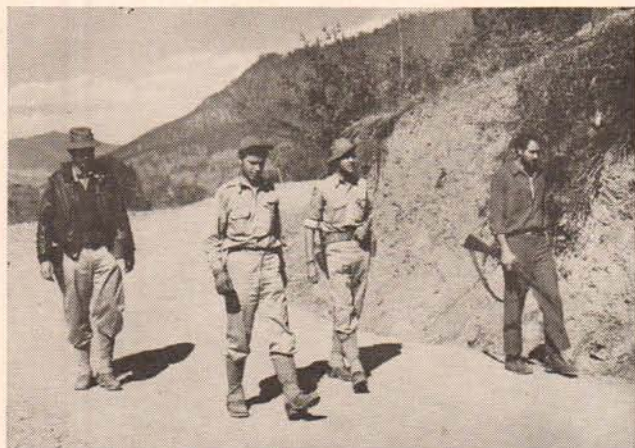
● It might be information to you and your readers that Percy A. Koetsier of Grand Rapids, Mich., passed away March 24, 1963, at the age of 51, cause being a heart attack. He served with Headquarters of the CBI at New Delhi and Hastings Mill, Calcutta.

ALEX S. KOWALESKI,
Gaylord, Mich.



VIEW of Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, with Park Hotel on left, as it appears from top of clock tower at Shanghai race course. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



WALKING BACK from Hump bailout are pilot, co-pilot, engineer and radio operator, shown here on China side in Yunnan-Yi area. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

Ohio CBI Event

● Toledo Basha, CBI Veterans Association, will host the scheduled Department of Ohio meeting, dinner, dance and installation of state officers in Toledo, Ohio, on Saturday, Oct. 26, 1963, at the Catholic Club, located in downtown Toledo at Jefferson Avenue and 16th Street. A live orchestra has been engaged for the affair to furnish music for dancing following the dinner. A good time is assured all attending! National Commander Haldor Reinhold is being invited to attend to speak, and to install the incoming State officers. These Ohio State events have drawn many CBIVA members from out-of-state as well as from all five Ohio Bashas, and the impression one gets is, this is a miniature Nat'l Reunion, for the same spirit exists and the good fellowship is much the same! The incoming state officers are: Commander—Dick Poppo, Loveland, Ohio, of the Cincinnati Basha. Senior vice commander—Alphonse Wilhelm, Toledo, commander of Toledo Basha. Judge advocate—Joe Nivert, Youngstown, Mahoning Valley Basha. Provost marshal—Howard Clager, Dayton,

Miami Valley Basha. Adjutant—finance officer—Ethel Yavorsky, Poland, Ohio, Mahoning Valley Basha. Public relations officer—Mitchell Virgalitte, Youngstown, Mahoning Valley Basha. Chaplain—Irving Nilsen, Cincinnati, Queen City Basha. Secretary—Louise Clager, Miami Valley Basha. (Dayton) Junior Vice-Commander—Robert Dunbar, Worthington, Columbus Basha. Present State Commander J. Edward Stipes will conduct the meeting, following the opening address by Toledo Basha Commander Al Wilhelm. This event is open to all CBIVA members and

families who can be present. Arrangements are being made with the Commodore Perry Hotel for those who remain overnight in Toledo.

J. EDWARD STIPES,
State Commander
Toledo, Ohio

Ann E. Hogan

● Lt. Col. Ann E. Hogan, an aide in the office of the Army Surgeon General in Washington, D. C., died in July at Walter Reed Hospital where she had been a cancer patient since early June. She served as chief of the nurse corps branch of the personnel and training division of the office after returning from her last overseas post, in Germany. During World War II she spent 34 months in the China-Burma-India theater of operations.

BILLY TODD LAMBERT,
Alexandria, Va.

New Subscriber

● After 17 years I find out about Ex-CBI Roundup! I was with "F" Company of the 2nd Battalion of the 475th Infantry, and would like to subscribe to your magazine.

GEORGE J. WATERSON,
Carpentersville, Ill.

Enjoys Roundup

● Thanks for a fine, wonderful magazine.

HENRY A. PIORKOWSKI,
Donora, Pa.



STEAMROLLER, Chinese model, at work on airfield construction at Luliang in 1944. Photo by Harold F. Zwonechek.

1963 Reunion Sets New Record

GOING BACK to Milwaukee was a big success for the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, as the 1963 reunion set a new record for attendance at CBI events.

There were nearly 200 official delegates in attendance, plus a far greater number of wives and children. States represented at the 16th annual reunion were Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, California, Iowa, Missouri, Michigan, Connecticut, Minnesota, Texas, North Carolina, New York, Indiana, Montana, New Jersey, Mississippi, Virginia, Maryland, Massachusetts and Louisiana.

Although there were many who came early and stayed late, the official reunion program got under way Wednesday evening with the Milwaukee Basha dispensing hospitality under the title of "India Revisited." It was a good start for a fun-packed long weekend.

Despite the fact that some delegates were reported to have kept rather late hours, all morning business sessions were well attended.

Haldor Reinholt of Philadelphia, Pa., who served last year as senior vice com-

mander, was chosen as the new national commander. He has been active in CBIVA affairs for a number of years. Reinholt succeeds Eugene R. Brauer of Milwaukee, outgoing commander, who will be a member of the executive committee.

Following is a complete list of the new officers, with their home addresses:

National Commander—Haldor Reinholt, 6803 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia 26, Pa.

Senior Vice Commander—Douglas J. Runk, 1905 Jean Street, Houston 23, Tex.

Junior Vice Commander, North—Emil Tessari, 10206 St. Lawrence, Chicago 28, Ill.

Junior Vice Commander, South—Dr. J. J. Kazar, Tchula, Miss.

Junior Vice Commander, East—Alfred Frankel, 120 Yellowstone Road, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Junior Vice Commander, West—Mae Bissell, 2225 Nearst Street, Berkeley, Calif.

Adjutant-Finance Officer—Joseph P. Pohorsky, Sr., 3353 S. Adams Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53207

Judge Advocate—Howard P. Clager, 7599 Downing Street, Dayton 14, Ohio.



SIZE of 1963 reunion crowd is indicated by the above group picture, taken at the Milwaukee War Memorial Center. Other reunion views shown on page at right, from upper left: (1) At head table during a business session were John R. Armstrong, Les Dencker, Joe Pohorsky, Gene Brauer, Father Edward Glavin and Vera Seder. (2) The "Calcutta Meat Shop" provided foods dispensed by George Dietz. (3) Interested CBI spectators listened as Pabst guide began a tour of one of Milwaukee's famous breweries. (4) After the tour came a chance to sample the product. (5) Gaily dressed participants in the Puja Parade. (6) A chance to relax while listening to the Allen-Bradley orchestra. (7) The Shuffle from Buffalo included this New York delegation. (8) Puja paraders get ready for the long march. (Reunion photos by Robert I. Doine, 6179 No. 87th Street, Milwaukee 18, Wis.)





AMERICANISM Award is presented by Lester J. Dencker to Robert A. Uihlein. (Milwaukee Journal photo).

Provost Marshal—Edmund B. Lowrey, 313 California Street, Stratford, Conn.

Public Relations Officer—M. E. Stansberry, 5107 Cosby, Houston 21, Tex.

Service Officer—Louis Gwin, P.O. Box 338, Percy, Ill.

Chaplain—Fr. Edward R. Glavin, 156 E. Main Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Historian—Pauline M. Hughes, 825 Brookfield Road, Dayton 29, Ohio.

Surgeon-General—Morris W. Ewald, Rudyard, Mont.

Immediate Past Commander—Eugene R. Brauer, 4068 N. 70th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53216

Vera Seder, 5048 N. 32nd Street, Milwaukee, Wis., will again serve as assistant adjutant-finance officer.

Houston, Tex., was chosen as the site of the 1965 national reunion. The 1964 event will be in Philadelphia.

Program for the Milwaukee reunion included the Past Commanders Luncheon at the Schlitz Country Club, a dinner and top-notch special entertainment at the Allen-Bradley Company, a tour of the city and a visit to the Pabst Brewing Company, a "spanferkel luncheon" at Croatian Park, visit to the Greek Orthodox Church of the Annunciation designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, a style show for the women and many other features.

The Puja Parade was slightly damp-

ened by rain, but there was still a good crowd out to watch as the costumed CBIs moved from the Schroeder Hotel to the War Memorial Center. There was a buffet supper for all at the War Memorial Ballroom, and this was followed by the Puja Ball in the Crystal Ballroom at the hotel.

Father Glavin conducted memorial services Saturday at the War Memorial Center, which is the building housing the national headquarters of CBIVA.

Final event of the reunion was the Commanders Banquet and Ball, held at the Schroeder. The 1963 Americanism Award was presented to Robert August Uihlein, Jr., president of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., for his contributions to the development of free public cultural events in Wisconsin. This year's citation for distinguished service to the China-Burma-India Veterans Association went to Shelby T. Welch of Carlyle, Ill.

Hospitality rooms of various bashas were grouped together on one floor of the hotel, and were open each night until a late hour.

Members of the CBI Youth Group had their own hospitality room, with separate arrangements for the younger children and the teenagers.

Among those attending the reunion were the usual "old timers," plus many who were there for the first time. All agreed that it was a highly successful event. Milwaukee CBIs, as usual, had been wonderful hosts.

WE NEED YOUR COOPERATION!

The Post Office Department has doubled the charge for notifying us when a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup is undeliverable as addressed.

In addition, your copy of the magazine is delayed or may never reach you.

Help us—and help yourself—by notifying us PROMPTLY when your address is changed.

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa



FIFTH OF A SERIES of picture layouts by the 7th Photo Tech. Sq. to be presented in Ex-CBI Roundup is this "Issue No. 5" dated May 1, 1945. The Ground Glass was a voluntary effort to give members of the squadron mementos of their tour of duty. These layouts used through courtesy of Gordon Smock and Wm. S. Johnson.

An Editor Visits India

This is the first in a series of several articles by a Kansas newspaper man, which were written during his recent visit to India. The author is editorial page editor of The Hutchinson News, daily newspaper published at Hutchinson, Kan.

BY JOHN P. HARRIS

BOMBAY—One could spend several days in Bombay and depart with the idea that this is a gay, cosmopolitan, Europeanized city with just enough atmosphere of India to make it fascinating. He would find smart restaurants with unusually fine menus, cultivated and sophisticated people, exclusive shops, air-conditioned hotels with the fittings to which he is accustomed. He would see enough traffic jams to convince him that Bombay is prosperous and modern.

He could admire the solidly built government buildings erected by the British, which, with their combination of Victorian and Mogul architecture, are ugly enough to be appealing. He could stroll along the sea wall at the entrance to the harbor. Lunch in the refined Cricket Club. Inspect the new, modernistic office buildings. Drive around the long, gentle curve of Marine Drive at the edge of the fine sand beach. Poke about Malabar Hill where the best homes and apartments are located. Dine at the elaborate, new resort hotel on the sea near the airport.

Only the Surface

And he would have a wonderful time, particularly were he fortunate enough to have a few Indian friends to show him the right places to go. He would not have seen Bombay, however, but only its impressive facade.

Back from the glitter of the areas close to the sea he would have to go to discover the real city. When he found it, if he had the normal amount of sympathy, he would be depressed by it. Depressed even more by the people than by their surroundings.

There are so many of them. There is not enough food for them. Not enough jobs. When they do find temporary work as common laborers, the pay is pitiful, and living costs in Bombay, by Indian standards, are high. They have no homes. Their possessions are on their backs. They don't live; they exist. And they bring a horrifying number of children into the world to make sure such an existence will continue for at least another generation.

On the worst sides of Bombay the streets are narrow and dirty. They are

lined with scabrous looking tenement buildings with small shops on the ground floor. They swarm with people. At intervals there are "jugghis"—crowded together collections of miserable shacks, thrown up on what were areas of open ground, while the authorities were not looking. The authorities desperately would like to do something about these squalid slums, but they are overpowered by the numbers. Were the present ones to be razed, new jugghis would be flung together someplace else, almost overnight.

These hordes on the back streets wear little more than rags, yet, almost miraculously, most of them are reasonably clean. They are the legions of the miserable, and you can see it in their eyes. From this anonymous mass, however, the most unfortunate of all stand out. Beggars, most of them deformed in one way or another. Children with bloated stomachs. Human pack and draft animals, sweating their loads slowly along the way, since it is as hot in Bombay in March as it is in Kansas in August. Cripples hobbling along with the aid of short poles.

The Dark Side

The spectacle of the wrong side of Bombay is even less cheerful at night. To say they sleep on the streets and sidewalks here is literal truth. Dozens, hundreds, perhaps even thousands do every night and have done so most of their lives. They huddle up beside walls. They provide a human floor for dark passageways. They lie full length across the sidewalk, with the sacking with which they have covered themselves looking exactly like shrouds.

That is the dark side of Bombay. And India is powerless to do anything about it, probably for years to come. The basic problem of India is that there are too many Indians.

* * *

BOMBAY—Except for the weather (95 days 75 nights, rarely a cloud to shield the bright sun, and watermelons already are in season), there is variety in western India. Within recent days I have been in conference on the problems of newspapers printed in Gujarati, Urdu, Marathi, and Hindi. On my last day of rest I looked at lions on the loose. This morning my study was of buffalo. Something more than 15,000 of them.

In southeast Asia the buffalo, not to be confused with the bison which once roamed our plains, is one of the mainstays of life. It pulls the plow, furnishes

the milk, draws the freight cart, provides the meat, and represents the peasant's principal source of wealth.

Buffalo Paradise

The buffalo is thick, squat, slow-moving, awkward, sullen but submissive. It is black, has slick short hair, and horns that curve backward around its ears. Its idea of paradise is to stand in water with only its eyes and the tip of its snout protruding, and with its legs sunk up to the knees in mud. An Asian buffalo could not be beautiful, even to another buffalo.

The buffalo I inspected, or more accurately, their grandparents, formerly were residents of Bombay. They lived huddled together in small groups on odd corners, with little comfort to themselves and with great menace to the health of the surrounding neighborhoods. Their milk, usually thinned with water, was peddled around the city in open containers.

To kill several birds with a single stone, the government assembled 3,200 hilly acres a few miles north of Bombay to woo the city buffalo to the countryside. Today the area has been developed into a model dairy farm. There are 30 sets of buildings to house some 500 animals each, in conditions with which a registered Jersey could find little complaint. The grounds surrounding each have been landscaped and picnic sites and playgrounds have been provided for the several thousand who come up from the city each Sunday to look at the big, black beasts.

The enterprise is a blending of what the Indians call the public and the private sectors. The government owns the facilities, rents stall space, sells feed, provides free veterinary service, buys the milk and the unwanted calves. Its charges are such that it deliberately earns only interest on its investment.

The buffalo are privately owned and tended to. Owners average 200 head each and have a virtually guaranteed income of three rupees per month each. A gross income of 300 rupees, or \$60, may not seem like much, but it is twice what a promising junior executive receives.

The owners are all Muslims. Muslims eat meat. A Hindu, even a low caste, non-vegetarian Hindu, could not bring himself to being a party to the slaughter of any animal, let alone a dairy buffalo with which he had lived on intimate terms for years.

The animals are milked by hand. Labor is so cheap, machines are uneconomic. The milkers are Hindus. They have such a low opinion of their employers' religion, they will not accept even a cup of tea from the latters' hands. The buffalo alone are indifferent to such matters.

The manure is not used as fertilizer. so are the individual disciplines on

It is patted into cakes, dried in the sun, and sold as fuel for the cooking fires. Don't turn up your nose. Were it not for buffalo chips, our sires who conquered the American plains rarely would have had a hot meal.

The milk from these 15,000 buffalo is tested, pasteurized, chilled, and delivered to half the homes in Bombay. The plant is as modern as any of those in the western world. It should be. The machinery was provided by UNICEF, one of the do-good agencies of the United Nations which, throughout the world, is doing a surprising amount of practical good.

To one who can take his milk but prefers to leave it alone, buffalo milk tastes like cow's. A 1000-pound animal produces only 1½ gallons a day, but it tests more than seven per cent in butterfat.

* * * *

BOMBAY—For the past two weeks I have been commuting—if overnight train trips can be called commuting—from Bombay to interior cities. I've retained my hotel room here from the start. I've had to, to be sure of having a place to stay on each return. Rooms with western comforts are scarce in Bombay.

On my first arrival, two hours after I had checked into what is one of the five best hotels in the city, I decided it was not my imagination. The air conditioner was not working. An electrician came. He tinkered, shrugged, and reported the conditioner was beyond repair. I turned on the ceiling fan with which the room was fortunately provided.

The next morning I turned on the shower. No hot water. A plumber came, tinkered, shrugged, and said the hot water heater in my bathroom was worn out. After a while they brought me a pail of hot water. Soon after the ceiling fan failed. The electricity had gone off throughout the hotel, and it was several hours before service repairs were made. This afternoon it is the water that has failed.

Order of the Day

From such experiences it would be all too easy to conclude that the Indians don't know how to make anything work. But this is not the case at all. Given training, the Indians became skilled workmen, and if they weren't, half the very old cars on the streets would not be in operation at all.

The explanation is simply that India has such a limited supply of 20th century mechanisms and must stretch this supply so far that breakdowns must be taken as the order of the day. To make matters much worse, for much of India these mechanisms still are unknown. And

which the effective functioning of a modern nation depends.

One can not pick up a morning paper (and all those with large circulations are printed in English) without being reminded of it. Today, for instance, there was an interview with the health minister of the state of Madhya Pradesh. He reported that in his state alone there were 9,966 villages (with an average population of 1,000 probably) that did not have a single well for drinking water.

A second minister from the same state added information from a different field. In a four-month period there had been "640 murders, 251 dacoities, and 323 kidnappings." Another item revealed that "A man-eater (tiger) in Koraput, which has created wide-spread panic, is a more immediate menace than the Chinese dragon, and must be shot at once."

From Sholapur, it is noted, a dam, which has been scheduled for 10 years to give the city a sufficient supply of drinking water, has had its construction

date postponed again. Another item reports that in Bombay itself 7,000 persons had been apprehended in the past week, through a special check, for "irregular travel" (stealing rides) on the suburban trains.

Be Resigned

Two other news stories twined interestingly. One reported the speech of an income tax official who declared, "Tax evasion is not considered a crime by Indians and a tax evader is considered a very clever person." The second story told of the arrest of 20 income tax collectors for accepting bribes.

Against such a background one takes philosophically the discovery that the air conditioner in his room is gone beyond repair. Particularly if he since has been transferred, as I have, to another room with a conditioner that functions well. I only hope the person who is occupying my former room is resigned. But I do wish the water would be turned on again. I want to take a bath.

—THE END

Mission Record Set by CBI Pilot in 1944

For concentrated missions, pilots in the China-Burma-India Theater often saw more action during World War II than those of any other area.

Proof of this was an article by Frank Megargee which appeared in a recent issue of the Air Force Times. Megargee writes "Stake Your Claim," which is devoted to various kinds of Air Force records. Here is the item:

"Bettering a previous claim to the most combat flying missions in the shortest time, Lt. Col. Don R. Kohl reports that in a 32-day period in World War II he flew 74 missions in a C-47, dropping ammunition and supplies to American, British and Chinese forces behind enemy lines in Burma and China. The period was July 31, 1944, to August 31, 1944, and the 72 missions came to 205.35 combat hours. As a further claim, he logged 1,001 combat hours in the six-month, five-day period June 1, 1944, to February 4, 1945.

"Many members of this unit (11th Combat Cargo Sq., 3d Combat Cargo Gp.) flew equally long hours, he writes, and 'perhaps one of them exceeded my time. I know that when I returned to the States I was one pooped captain.'

"He would like to hear from any of the old members of the 3d C.C. Gp. Colonel Kohl's address is 6-510B I Street, APO 942, Seattle, Wash."

Attention of Ex-CBI Roundup was called to the item by Earl A. Harris Jr., ex-captain, now of Broomall, Pa., who

wondered if Colonel Kohl might have any challengers to his claim. CBIer Harris writes:

"The best I can offer personally is 2½ missions per day for 17 consecutive days during January and February of 1945. Was a throttle jockey in the 2nd Troop Carrier Sq. (Gooney Birds then) at Shingbuiyang in N. Assam. Many a time we would track the old "MUD BEAM" at treetop level to get home under the scud when Charlie Roger, our homing beacon, would go off the air. Great life? Sure it was—RAH RAH, and all that goes with it, but I was damn glad to get home. I'm sure 'one pooped captain Kohl' was also.

"Possibly you can help the Colonel locate some of his retread buddies by publishing his article."

Letters from other pilots (or ex-pilots) who wish to challenge or comment on Colonel Kohl's record are invited by Ex-CBI Roundup.

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

Fierce Desert Raiders Surrender

By United Press International

NEW DELHI—Nineteen masked bandits recently rode out of the scorching Rajasthan desert. They whipped off the black cloths which covered their swarthy faces and ended a legend as romantic as anything in the "Arabian Nights."

The hard eyed desert raiders have been feared for 20 years as "The Bhatias of Modha." Their camels had clattered a hundred miles across sand and bone dry gullies to surrender the bandit clan at the feet of Rajasthan Home Minister B. Mathur.

Mathur was waiting for the Bhati clan in a village of mud huts which had been decked out as though for a festival.

The Bhatias jerked their camels to a halt in the dusty village square. One at a time they knelt before the home minister and touched his feet in the age old, Indian gesture of submission.

"Your strength and courage should go to help the people, and not to harass them," Mathur told the bandits.

"Our blood will now be spilt in the service of the country," they replied.

The Bhatias of Modha had been driven to Mathur's feet by a combined operation in which India and Pakistan had tried to stamp out the ancient profession of banditry along the sun seared deserts of their western border.

For three months before the surrender, the Bhatias had made raids into Pakistan, while Pakistani troopers had tightened a noose which drove them back toward the Indian border.

Then the Rajasthan deputy inspector general of police Jaswant Singh, pitched his camp in the village to which the Bhatias finally were driven. Mathur told the surrendered bandits he could make no promises beyond a fair trial. The 19 desert raiders were taken 20 miles to a jail in the town of Jaisalmer. A special magistrate and prosecuting staff were called in to try the clan in the city of Jodhpur.

Mathur told newsmen much of the glory for the mass surrender should go to the Pakistanis who had driven the clan back to the edge of a net of Rajasthan police. He said he would send officers to Pakistan to assist at the trial of bandit leader Jagmal Singh, who had been taken before he could reach the Indian border.

The state home minister made a speech, telling a crowd in the surrender village that an end had come to the pro-

fession of banditry along the Indo-Pakistan border.

But many of the mustached nomads who heard him are friends and relatives of the captives. And Mathur himself conceded that several of the Bhatias are still loose on the border.

Long time students of local banditry, or "dacoity" as they call it in India, agree that good police work is making the outlaw profession a tougher and tougher one.

But they question whether police alone can stamp out all the dacoits.

Poverty hangs over the mud villages of Rajasthan. A fast camel and a repeating rifle may still lure many a desert youth from honest work on the state's dry and stony soil.

—THE END

Gen. Patrick Hurley Dies in New Mexico

Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley, former ambassador to China, died July 30 following a heart attack at his home at Santa Fe, N. M.

Hurley was secretary of war from 1929-1933 under President Herbert Hoover and was ambassador to China under President Franklin D. Roosevelt from 1944-1945.

Hurley became a major general in 1943 after 41 years of military service which began with the Indian territory volunteer cavalry in 1902.

After his resignation as ambassador to China, Hurley returned to his Santa Fe home in 1946 and made the first of his three vain attempts to win a seat in the U.S. Senate.

Hurley ran against the late Senator Dennis Chavez (Dem., N. M.) in 1946 and lost a close contest. He was defeated by Senator Clinton P. Anderson (Dem., N. M.) in 1948, and ran against Chavez again in 1952.

He popped back into prominence in 1962 when the government released his controversial China papers of 1943. Following the release, Hurley repeated his charges of the past that the Yalta agreement served as the blueprint for the Communist conquest of China.

He had resigned as ambassador to China because of differences with the Truman administration and the State Department over implementing the terms of the Yalta agreement in China.

Society Sweepers Take Over

BY RUKMINI DEVI

BOMBAY, INDIA— This is certainly not a good time to visit Bombay or to be in Bombay. And the constant drip-drip of the monsoon has nothing to do with it.

But for the smiling faces (Indians have such ivory-white teeth which dazzle in the sunshine) and the friendly banter that seems to go on all the time one would think that the promised leftist revolution has already arrived.

After a long spell of industrial truce the city is in the grip of acute labor unrest. Even grandmothers now seem to know all about cost of living graphs and one housewife actually contributed a learned treatise on the subject to a local daily.

★ ★ ★
EVERY WEEK there is a new strike. First it was the goldsmiths hit by the finance ministry's order freezing all gold stocks. Then the barbers downed their tools.

And now the sweepers have put on what seems to be a star show. For the barefooted Bombay sweeper and his long-handled broom have become the symbols of leftist opposition to Congress Party rule here.

He is indeed a formidable force. There are 30,000 like him. The city's conservancy work depends on his slender broom. There is absolutely no mechanization—except for the rickety garbage vans lumbering through the streets.

Since sweeping work is considered to be a low-caste function no self-respecting citizen will handle a broom. This puts the metropolis of four million people

even more at the mercy of the "untouchable" broom.

★ ★ ★
WHILE THE leftist revolution gasps for full expression another significant revolution seems to be taking place here.

Every morning hundreds of respectable men and women join what is called the Brooms Brigade. Armed with neat brooms they tackle the mountains of garbage disfiguring the city.

There is no doubt that this is the real revolution.

Gathered at Kemp's Corner, under the shadow of wealthy, exclusive Malabar Hill, were the wives of textile tycoons, daughters of army officers, businessmen with Oxford accents and a sprinkling of Maharanis.

Said one of Her Highnesses to a reporter: "Strike or no strike I intend sweeping the streets every Sunday morning. It is healthy and makes me feel intensely human."

Alarmed that the broomstick may become really respectable the Communist Party of Bombay has denounced the "society sweepers" as "publicity-hungry parasites who ought to be swept off mercilessly."

★ ★ ★
WITH SO many segments of Bombay's society bent on working off their pent-up energies and emotions even the VIPs seem to have caught the fever.

Chief Minister Kannamwar has threatened the formation of a "trade union of cabinet ministers."

Top political boss Kannamwar thinks that ministers too are an ill-paid lot. And Mrs. Kannamwar says that with the cost of living going up "I just can't make both ends meet."

—THE END

Ancient Katmandu Goes Modern---Almost

From The National Geographic

WASHINGTON—The wall of isolation has been removed so completely from Katmandu, Nepal, that its one major hotel suggests a miniature United Nations.

The Shangri-La capital of the Himalayan kingdom was secluded for centuries, the National Geographic Society says. Even in 1950 only a few hundred Westerners had ever set foot in the country. After King Mahendra's coronation in 1956, however, Nepal substituted a welcome mat for its old "Keep Out" sign.

Nepalese and Indian planes now fly regularly through the high mountain passes with diplomats, businessmen, tourists, and mountain climbers arriving via Delhi and Calcutta from all over the world.

To accommodate visitors, the youthful monarch encouraged the conversion, several years ago, of a rambling old palace into the Royal Hotel.

In the absence of public restaurants and bars, the hotel has become a Katmandu institution. Guests in June, 1963, ranged from Americans associated with

the Mount Everest Expedition to Philippine envoys, West German salesmen, English gentlewomen on tour, and Japanese lepidopterans who at nightfall prowled like wraiths about the hotel's spacious gardens.

The hotel bearers, or service personnel, all of whom are male, are still somewhat bemused by the eccentricities of foreigners. Why should anyone care if the ice has run out? But they cope—and never forget to brighten a guest's room each day with a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Kipling once wrote: "The wildest dreams of Kew (a sedate London suburb) are the facts of Katmandu."

Most visitors find it surprisingly easy to adjust to the lack of telephones, radios, television, clocks, calendars, and newsstands.

Other "facts" are changing. Katmandu is going modern. Boxlike stucco monstrosities, devoid of charm, are rising alongside the city's handsome russet-brick buildings with carved wooden trim and overhanging roofs. Purple jacarandas have given way to the widening of streets. Like most capitals, Katmandu

suffers from the acute indigestion of too much traffic. It has several broad avenues, but most streets are narrow, winding, unpaved. The thoroughfares swirl with pedestrians and coolies who stolidly hold their own against sacred cattle, pedi-cabs, carts, aging cars, new buses, British Land-Rovers and the bright-green Jeep station wagons of the United States Aid Mission to Nepal.

Bright sun burnishes the pagodas of temples lifting in tiers above the bazaars, walled Rana palaces, and tile roofs of weathered brick homes.

In the distant north and east, on crystal-clear days, the white barrier of the Himalayas thrusts into the sky like a great wave frozen at its crest. It cannot be seen from Katmandu but the greatest of the peaks is, of course, Chomolungma or Everest, "Goddess Mother of the world."

Bare-footed porters thread into the capital from mountain villages with towering burdens of firewood and farm products. Some have put a handful of flowers atop the cargo to "lighten the load." Their journeys take days.

But time doesn't matter—in Katmandu.

Six Hundred Paid-Up Places in Heaven

From San Francisco News Call Bulletin

BY DONALD CANTER

When Chinatown's 8000-strong Lee clan dedicates its new Grant ave. headquarters its members will bow before the portrait of Lao-Tze Lee, their famed ancestor of 2500 years ago.

They should. After all Lao-Tze helped them raise most of the money for the glittering building.

Almost all \$125,000 of it.

Here's how he did it—with the help of his humble descendants:

Chinese tradition dictates that when a family organization builds itself a home, there must be an altar in the main meeting room.

Understandably, the place of honor on that altar should be given to a portrait of the revered man who founded the clan.

Because inevitably the ancestor is in heaven, the altar must stand on the top floor of the building, as close to his present whereabouts as possible.

The Lee elders of San Francisco didn't only follow these requirements minutely, they went even one step further:

They placed the portrait of Lao-Tze on the very top of the altar, as close to heaven as you can get on Grant ave.

Then they reasoned that since Lao-Tze

had produced quite a few worthy offspring, some of them might qualify to share his company up there.

The idea worked beyond their wildest expectations.

In fact, the demand for a place in heaven was so overwhelming that they had to sell them by reservation only.

Sell a place in heaven?

That's right.

For the privilege of securing a tablet with their name on it on the altar beside Lao-Tze, some Chinatown Lees were willing to pay substantial sums.

In fact, the names on the top row, flanking the ancestral portrait, cost the bearers some \$3000 apiece.

The second row went at more reasonable rates, an average of \$2000, depending on the distance between you and your ancestor.

Less wealthy Lees were offered—and bought—their place on the altar at bargain basement prices, as low as \$100 per name plate.

There are 600 name tablets on the Lee family altar. Together they represent an investment of \$125,000.

That's how the new Lee building was paid for in cash.

As they say on Grant ave:

"Old man Lao-Tze Lee is the hottest fund raiser Chinatown has ever seen."

He Crashed Into Spy Work

This is one of a series of articles which appeared in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, on Southern California men who served with the Office of Strategic Services. It is the story of Harry Zavatsky, an Air Force pilot who was a high school graduate in Redondo Beach when the war broke out. He never had heard of the OSS when he was sent to Burma to "fly the Hump" with supplies for the Chinese. But a crash landing in the jungle and a couple months with the Kachin guerillas turned him into one of the most effective OSS men in the Far East. His story was related in excerpts from letters he wrote to his mother, Mrs. Sadie Zavatsky, shortly after the war; letters she preserved and kept secret all through the 20 years of silence imposed upon OSS men.

**BY TED THACKREY JR.
Herald-Examiner Staff Writer**

The Japanese officer was suspicious, and a little bit frightened.

Capt. Harry Zavatsky, OSS, lay perfectly still—and wished he had no buttons on his shirt so he could get closer to the ground.

Behind him, nearly 100 Kachin guerillas were hidden in the rain-forest underbrush of Burma. If the enemy made a false move, they'd cut him to ribbons in no time flat.

But any sound of shooting—even the smallest shout, of surprise from a dying man—would give away their position, not to mention ruining a plan for which they'd all sweated for nearly three months.

They were deep in Japanese-held territory, moving as swiftly as possible in the direction of the enemy column which posed a threat to the all-important Ledo Road, which was Chiang Kai-shek's supply lifeline.

The Burma Road had fallen early in the war, and Zavatsky's guerrilla band was the only effective armed force within striking distance to harass and hold up the advance until Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's troops could get into position for a counterattack.

To do this with only 100 men, however, the element of surprise was vital.

And now this chance meeting with a foraging squad of the Imperial Army had them pinned down with no hope of further concealment should they be forced to defend themselves.

Zavatsky shoved his face into the dirt and tried to stop breathing.

Just seven months ago, he'd been high

above this patch of earth, flying the Hump for the Air Force. A crash landing—one he'd been able to walk away from—had gotten him much better acquainted.

The Kachins, tough fighters and regular soldiers all through their history, had picked him up and got him back to one of Stilwell's outposts.

Instead of being returned to flying duty, however, he had volunteered for ground duty with the 101 Detachment of OSS, working with and leading the highly effective bands of Kachin guerillas.

The Kachins worked behind the Japanese lines, and most of the time they were entirely cut off from contact with Allied troops.

"The Chinese, under Stilwell, figured they'd never had it so good," Zavatsky said later. "They were in an army that fed them twice a day and all they had to do was carry rifles and wear uniforms.

"They didn't even have to shoot anyone or pull a burglary to get ammunition, which had been standard procedure up until then.

"The result was that they didn't have much use for fighting . . ."

They had, in fact, so little use for combat that it was frequently necessary for Stilwell's staff to resort to stratagems to lure them into the war.

"To get them off the dime," Zavatsky explained, "Merrill's Marauders would be dropped in position to flank the Japanese from the rear. Then the Chinese would have to go into action to link up with the Marauders.

"But every time Merrill's men would be dropped and set up their flanking position—they'd find an OSS man from 101 Detachment waiting there with a bunch of Kachins. We were rather proud of that . . ."

Some of the men of 101 Detachment were "Old Orient hands" who had been out there before the war. One was a veteran ground technician from the American Volunteer Group—Chennault's "Flying Tigers."

But most were newcomers, like Zavatsky.

"Three years before," he said, "I'd never even heard the word 'Kachin' and even 'Burma' was just a mapname I'd had to learn in high school, back at my home town of Redondo Beach.

"If anything, I'd figured I would go into the Navy—I was pretty hep on sea-going stuff, living around a beach town

as I did. My Dad had a boat and I'd learned to handle her before I left grade school.

"But then the war started, and I decided the Air Force was what I really wanted. By some miracle I passed the physicals and got through the flight training—it was rough, believe me.

"Then came the assignment to Hump flights, the crash in the jungle, and the meeting with the Kachins. The rest came sort of naturally . . ."

The encounter with the Japanese patrol came on Zavatsky's first OSS mission.

Because of his past acquaintance with U Chong, the village headman-commander of the Kachin outfit, he'd been selected for the job of holding up the Japs who were headed for the Ledo Road.

"Being Air Force, it's safe to say that what I knew about infantry tactics and jungle fighting in particular was next to nothing," he said. "But the Kachins knew all about it, and they were teaching me. I was really sort of a liaison man.

"I did know enough, though, to realize that we were in big trouble if this patrol found us before we could get into a real ambush position. So I kept my head down and tried to think hopeful thoughts.

"Suddenly—there were a couple of quick movements. I heard them. I didn't see them, because my head was down.

"But when I looked up, the enemy was all gone.

"And I mean—gone!

"Without so much as a sound, my Kachins had jumped those Japanese from cover and killed them before they could do a thing. They didn't even stop to look back when it was done. Old U Chong just got up and motioned us on. . . ."

Two days later, the enemy lost the main supply train.

It was attacked just at nightfall; all its personnel killed and the supplies either stolen or destroyed within minutes. They never saw the Kachins who were responsible.

Before morning, there had been another attack—on the Japanese headquarters unit. A couple of colonels and most of the lower-ranking staff officers were killed in a raid with small arms and hand grenades.

A company was cut to pieces as it tried to cross a small clearing.

A heavy weapons platoon died without firing a shot when it ran into a sudden murderous crossfire in a seemingly-peaceful gulch.

The Kachins lost only one man.

"He died of poisoning when he tried to eat some enemy rations," Zavatsky said.

Zavatsky's mission was entirely successful. It held the Japanese until Stilwell could get his main troops into the fight. The whole thrust at the Ledo Road ended in disaster for the Japanese.

It was three years before Zavatsky was able to return to Redondo Beach.

"But he wasn't happy, being out of the Air Force," his mother related. "He tried jobs as a salesman, and gave them up. He tried to go to work for an airline in the China-Burma area, but it went broke before he made his first flight. Finally, he went back into the Air Force."

He was a lieutenant colonel when the Korean War began.

He had transferred to the Tactical Air Command, and flew several missions over North Korea before a flame-out brought him his second crash.

This time, he didn't walk away. . . .

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*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

TRIVANDRUM—Erosion by the sea in and around Chavara, Ponnamana and Marathady, in Quilon district, has resulted in the cemetery at Ponnamana being swallowed up and skeletons and partly decomposed bodies being swept into the Ponnamana canal. The sea has also completely submerged the Katumekkathil temple in Ponnamana. It is also reported that 151 families have lost their homes on account of the erosion and a large number of coconut trees have been uprooted.

NEW DELHI—The government of India has announced that ancient gold coins and other non-ornamental gold articles which are more than a hundred years old and are of archaeological or historical interest could be sold subject to certain conditions. Such transactions would be subject to the Gold Control Rules.

CALCUTTA—The consensus in Calcutta Corporation is that cholera will haunt Calcutta in an appreciably virulent form for at least 20 years—the length of time it will take to provide the city with a complete sewerage system. The areas where there are no sewers (Tollygunge, Manicktala and Cossipore), with their 42,000 service privies, are the principal cholera centres of Calcutta. Chlorination of the unfiltered water supplied by the Corporation may have an arresting influence on the spread of the disease, but it will make no substantial contribution to reducing the number of cholera cases.

KATHMANDU—Nepal has introduced a new law code which abolishes polygamy and child marriage and makes all castes equal. The code, promulgated by King Mahendra, replaces one dating from 1853, which was based on ancient Hindu writings and indorsed caste taboos as criminal offenses.

NEW DELHI—The Central Road Research Institute has recommended uniform road signs for the country, using symbols instead of lettering. The symbols have the advantage of showing even illiterate drivers the meaning intended to be conveyed through traffic signboards. At present there are no uniform road signs in the country. The states follow different signs, in symbols as well as lettering in different languages, to indicate traffic regulations.

PURNEA—Altogether 7,725 cattle died during a period of two months in the Narpatgunj thana area, in Araria subdivision, Purnea district, of a parasitic diarrhoea which broke out in epidemic form. More than 500 also perished in adjacent areas.

CALCUTTA—West Bengal consumed about nine per cent more liquor in the last financial year than in the previous one.

CALCUTTA—Off and on during the last 18 years, a woman had called at Calcutta Corporation headquarters in a fruitless bid to collect the provident fund dues of her husband, a former employee of the health department. She claimed that he had died in May 1945 while in the service of the municipality. Each time, however, she was turned away with the observation that there was no record of her husband's death. Recently, for some strange reason, the elusive record was traced and confirmed the woman's claim that her husband died May 2, 1945. This feat was apparently made possible by the direct intervention of the Commissioner, Mr. S. B. Ray. Orders have been passed to expedite the issue of the money due to the woman.

NEW DELHI—A 100 per cent increase in fatal accidents and a sixfold increase in total accidents on Delhi roads were recorded during the eight years preceding 1961.

NEW DELHI—The Union Health Minister has decided to recruit more than a million voluntary family planning workers within the next three years. One male and one female worker will be appointed in each of India's 560,000 villages. The aim is to reduce the present two per cent annual increase in the population to one per cent by 1976. This alone, it is felt, should double the speed of India's overall economic development.

NEW DELHI—Aligarh University will introduce Roman script for the learning of Urdu and Hindi as an associate script, particularly for students from non-Urdu and Hindi speaking areas.

BOMBAY—The Indian Airlines Corporation will operate its first Caravelle jet service between Bombay and Delhi on January 1, 1964.

NEW DELHI—Within three years Indian factories will turn out every year 10,000 large and 3,000 small tractors and a large number of power tillers of the Japanese type. This is part of a programme for the mass manufacture of agricultural equipment in the country, which is expected to give a big push to agriculture and transform the Indian countryside within the next 10 or 15 years.

CALCUTTA—The fire brigade had to attend to an unusual call from the police recently. Unable to prevent soccer fans, mostly teenagers, from climbing tall trees outside the Mohun Bagan-CFC ground on the maidan to get a free birds-eye view of the Mohun Bagan vs. East Bengal charity match, the police sought the help of the fire services. For an hour and a half firemen indulged in what could have passed for a game of hide and seek with about 500 soccer fans before ferreting out and bringing down all the tree-top spectators. Three boys fell from a tree and were injured when a branch snapped. They were taken to a hospital in an unconscious condition. Mohun Bagan defeated East Bengal by three goals to nil.

BOMBAY—The Government of India intends to sponsor joint ventures in collaboration with State Governments for the construction of a chain of up-to-date hotels in the country to attract foreign tourists. Tourist traffic has fallen lately because of a number of causes including difficulties of obtaining hotel accommodation, transport problems and prohibition.

NEW DELHI—A unique instance of an Asokan Edict inscribed on a surface other than that of a pillar or a rock-face—the only two known so far, has been recently brought to light. It is a short Kharoshthi inscription engraved around a stone bowl of Gandhara origin, recently acquired by the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay.

CALCUTTA—It may come as a shock to people interested in India's educational progress to know that only 48 new books are published a year for every million people in the country. Apart from magazines and newspapers, the National Library in Calcutta has received altogether 21,076 books published in 1961-62 from all over India. Under the Delivery of Books Act, copies of all published books must be sent to the library.

KATHMANDU—India and Nepal have signed an agreement under which the former will undertake the construction of a 50-mile-long mountain road from Kathmandu to Trishuli, a modern and well-equipped aircraft hanger for Kathmandu airport and a model school in the Kathmandu valley.

Thanks, CBI-ers

For the past 10 years we have been privileged to serve you with low-price imports from India. Over these years we have imported and sold many thousands of dollars worth of gifts and gadgets from Mother India to you guys and gals, plus an astounding amount of ware wholesaled to retailers from coast to coast.

Recently we completed a transaction whereby the entire import stock of **Bazaar of India** was sold to another firm that deals strictly in wholesale sales.

Now we are engaged in another phase of the wholesale business, dealing in Japanese ceramics.

We wish to thank all of the thousands of CBI men and women who bought our merchandise and were instrumental in the growth of our firm.

We are pleased to recommend our friendly former competitors in the business, who have a great selection of giftware from CBI-land.



Clarence R. Gordon

1646 Lawrence St.

Denver Colo.

Book Reviews



THROUGH A HARSH DAWN. By Hendrik L. Leffelaar. Barre Publishing Co., Barre, Mass. June 1963. \$5.00.

A frank, well-written account of prison-camp memoirs, sub-titled "A Boy Grows Up in a Japanese Prison Camp." The author's impressions of his fellow Dutchmen and other civilian prisoners in Indonesia during World War II, as he is shunted from one squalid camp to another. The author's father, a prisoner of war, was put to work on a railroad in the Burmese jungle, and his diary is interspersed with the son's account. A boy in his early teens at the time, the author remembers kindness, gentleness, laughter as well as cruelty, cowardice, and, always, hunger and illness.

THEY FOUGHT ALONE. By John Keats. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. August 1963. \$6.95.

The story of a group of Americans and Filipinos who refused to surrender to the Japanese on Mindanao in World War II, based on events which actually did occur. Hero of the story is Lt. Col. Wendell W. Fertig, a real person whose diaries and reminiscences are incorporated. For most of the war, this account says, Fertig controlled most of Mindanao, tied down thousands of Japanese troops, and supplied valuable information to Australia.

CHINESE COMMUNISM: SELECTED DOCUMENTS. Edited by Dan N. Jacobs and Hans H. Baerwald. Harper Torchbooks (Universal Library). July 1963. Paperback. \$1.95.

A collection of documents tracing the course of Sino-Soviet relations from 1957 through mid-1962. They indicate that the current clash between the two Communist ideologies had its origins a long time back and has been clearly discernible for a number of years.

THE CHINESE GOLD MURDERS. By Robert van Gulik. Dell Publishing Co., New York. August 1963. Paperback, 50c.

Another mystery in the Judge Dee series, combining two or three exciting tales of murder and crime set in ancient China. The author is a Dutch diplomat and orientalist who has published a number of serious works on China, Japan and India. His mysteries are famous for the authentic flavor of their exotic backgrounds.

AMERICAN WAR MEDALS AND DECORATIONS. By Evans E. Kerrigan. The Viking Press, New York, N. Y. August 1963. \$5.95.

A book telling about the medals, decorations, badges and awards the United States has conferred on members of its armed services and deserving civilians, with history and anecdotes. It includes more than 100 line drawings plus full color photographs.

THE ROSE OF TIBET. By Lionel Davidson. Avon Books, New York, N. Y. August 1963. Paperback. 60c.

One of the best novels of suspense published last year (by Harper & Row), a colorful and exotic tale set in Tibet on the eve of the Chinese Communist invasion. The ingredients include a fortune in emeralds, a goddess who is worshipped as divine by her people, but who turns out to have some very human appetites, and the young Englishman who falls in love with her.

BEHIND THE BURMA ROAD. By William R. Peers and Dean Brelis. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, Mass. September 1963. \$5.95.

An account of World War II activities of Detachment 101, Office of Strategic Services, in Burma by two men who were there. Peers is the former commander of the detachment and Brelis, now a novelist, was a field operative. Detachment 101 had the responsibility of conducting guerilla warfare against the Japanese invaders in North Burma. The book, a non-fictional account of the operation, is dramatic reading.

THE LIVING REED. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Co., New York, N. Y. September 1963. \$6.95.

A major new novel by the author, who has devoted so much of her writing to the Orient. It is a tale of three generations in a noble family of Korea, from 1881 to the early 1950's. The father is a wealthy adviser to the king and queen, and was once an envoy to America; the sons are revolutionaries in their Japanese-occupied land; and one of the grandsons is a doctor. A long and absorbing book, filled with suspense, danger, love, and sudden murderous violence. Literary Guild selection for October.

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About
Ex-CBI Roundup



B-24's of the 308th Bomb Group, 14th Air Force, on a mission to East China from Kunming. Bombs can be seen dropping from plane at left. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

Tinge of Nostalgia

● It's the greatest magazine ever and a vivid reminder of those days spent in CBI-land. Names like Ramgarh, Ranchi and Kunming, the "Y" and "Z" Forces—they all bring a tinge of nostalgia when they appear on the pages of the Ex-CBI Roundup.

GEORGE W. STEVENS,
Hobart, N. Y.

No Other Theater

● Bet no other GI's of any theater enjoy that which you make possible—the Ex-CBI Roundup magazine. Congratulations! And, as each year passes, our enjoyment increases—and we recall experiences we had in "CBI-land" when reading articles written by others who had served time there.

GLENN C. KIEFFER,
Hershey, Pa.

One of Oldest

● Am proud to state I am one of your oldest subscribers. And I might add things stand still here when Mom receives her Roundup.

JANE BEISSER HAMMER,
Lt. ANC,
Jersey City, N. J.

Harwood C. Bowman

● It has just come to my attention that Brig. Gen. Harwood C. Bowman Sr., USA (ret.), died several months ago at a Montgomery, Ala., hospital after a long illness. General Bow-

man served in the Army for 33 years. He took part in the Mexican border campaign of 1916-17 and served in China during World War II. Among decorations he received were the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star with Commendation, and the Chinese Cloud and Banner. His wife and two sons survive.

CHARLES R. TESDELL,
Atlanta, Ga.

Nostalgic Memories

● Congratulations to you and your staff for the outstanding job you do. The contents are a perfect blend of nostalgic memories, personalities (of which the CBIVA has a fair portion!) and current information of the Orient—particularly CBI. I travel two weeks at least out of each month, and no matter how much gear I have, along goes my copy of Ex-CBI Roundup for the ever-potential ex-CBIer.

BILLY TODD LAMBERT,
Alexandria, Va.



ROUNDUP STAFF in June 1945 included Editor "Bucky" Walter (seated), and Staffers Sommerville, Sinclair, McDowall, Derr, Rose and Peterson.

Commander's Message

by

Haldor Reinholt
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

How does one describe a CBI Reunion to someone who has never attended? If you have an adjective in your lexicon that is sufficiently superlative, please send it to me. Perhaps you can understand humidity without living through a monsoon season, but you just do not know what hospitality and fellowship are until you have attended a CBI Reunion.

EXCERPTS FROM THE REINHOLT FAMILY VACATION LOG

Wednesday Night—

Who can deny Milwaukee Basha's Hospitality Room was authentic Indian—even to the cow patties on the wall?

Thursday—

Past Commander's Luncheon, Schiltz Country Club. Harold Kretchmar a happier Budweiser man. Somebody said Fred Milo got on the wrong bus and took the Sealtest Dairy Tour instead.

Thursday Night—

Fillet mignon dinner at the Allen-Bradley Company. Floor show by Allen-Bradley employee chorus and orchestra. First rate entertainment. Show stopper was the basic training routine. Afterwards dancing and more refreshments. Peggy Doucette, femme fatale of the under 12 set, was a twist sensation.

Back at the hotel—Texas Hospitality Room serving Mexican tequila powerful enough to turn a gringo into a gaucho.

Friday—

1962 Buffalo Reunion movies by semi-pro George Baker. George and his Reunion movies have become a tradition.

Puja Parade down Wisconsin Avenue to War Memorial. Main obstacle—grating on bridge for barefoot wallahs.

Drill by Himalayan Highlander Bagpipe Brigade. Helen Seibauer ceremoniously restrained from checking under kiltie garments. Persistent Helen found success later at Puja Ball. Now only Helen knows.

Saturday—

New word accepted into CBI vocabulary, "Spanferkelize"—over-indulgence of too much roast pork, roast lamb, roast chicken.

Memorial services conducted by Father Glavin assisted by Bay View Post American Legion. Time for solemn contemplation.

Saturday Night—

Commander's Night Banquet. Installation of national officers by Les Dencker.

Award of Merit to Shelby Welch. Never saw anybody so surprised and affected.

Auld Lange Syne at the hospitality rooms.

Jim Brown posing and re-posing, arranging and re-arranging everybody en masse, then telling them to hold it while he went out to get film for his camera.

Nobody wanted to leave but all good things come to an end.

Sunday—

Journey to magnificent Wisconsin Dells in company with Howard and Louise Clager. Leave it to Howard to discover another CBier in adjacent motel room, Richard Paderewski of Novelty, Ohio, 1877th Engineering Battalion.

Monday—

Swimming in northern Lake Michigan—all to ourselves. Seemed like we were the only ones at the edge of the world.

Tuesday and Wednesday—

We turned home, touring Canada and New York State, ending a most pleasant vacation.

* * * * *

Needless to say, I am greatly honored to be National Commander of such a distinguished association as the CBIVA. It will be quite a task for me to keep up with our peripatetic Past Commander Eugene Brauer.

The joy of our vacation was saddened somewhat by the news of the death of Eugene's mother, Mrs. Eleanor Brauer, on Friday, August 9. Funeral services were held at Our Lady of Sorrows Catholic Church in Milwaukee.

My first assignments as national commander will be the installation of new officers of the Delaware Valley Basha in September, and installation of officers of the Department of Ohio in Toledo on Saturday, October 26, at the Catholic Club, 1601 Jefferson Avenue.

The first national board meeting is tentatively scheduled at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel on Saturday, November 2.

HALDOR REINHOLT
National Commander

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.
—Ed.



SCENE on side street off Chowringhee Road in Calcutta, as seen from ATC office on second floor of Hindustan Building. Photo by Arthur G. Fortier.

1007 S. S. Engineers

● Have been a subscriber of your magazine since 1949 and I have yet to see any information about anyone from the 1007th Special Service Engineers. As always, I enjoy the magazine and read it from cover to cover as soon as it arrives. I should write notes more often and I offer no excuse. But I would like to hear from any of the fellows from the 1007th. I would also like to see a picture of the General Muir, which is the ship we came home on.

DONALD S. FORD,
Whittier, Calif.

Red Cross Personnel

● Am an ex-ARC field director; I was agreeably surprised again this year, and incidentally for the eighth time, to have a visit from my former Red Cross club director at Barrackpore, Janie Conger Mixner, and her husband Elmer. Both are teaching in New Jersey. They now have two children. Ever since the war I have been hoping to hear from Maggie Waterhouse, but no one seems to know where she is. Maggie, where are you?

ROY C. HUTCHINSON,
Warsaw, N. Y.

CBler Buys Paper

● Fred Eldridge, citrus grower and former newspaper man who served in CBI, recently purchased the Corona Daily Independent, only daily newspaper in Corona, Calif. Eldridge, 51, started his newspaper career as a reporter for the Independent, later worked for the Los Angeles Times and was assistant city editor following World War II before returning to

Corona to lease his father's citrus ranch. During World War II he served with General Joseph Stilwell in Burma and later wrote a book, "Wrath in Burma," based on his experiences.

A. A. KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

J. Lacey Reynolds

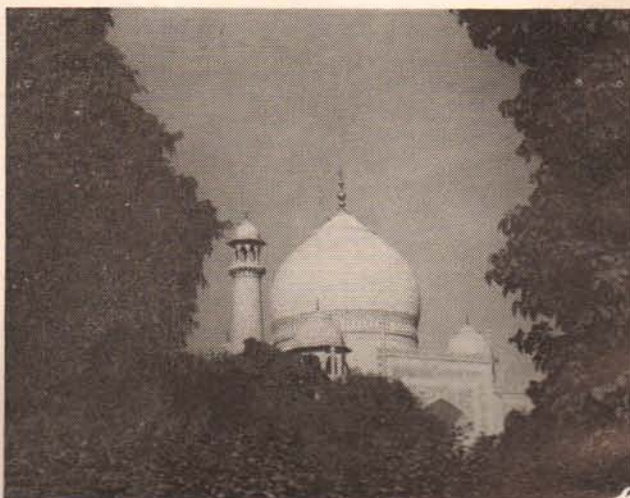
● J. Lacey Reynolds, 53, a veteran Washington newspaper man and a former aide to Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley, died in July in Washington, D. C. At the time of his death he was a consultant for the House Small Business Committee. During World War II he was assigned as assistant naval and press attache with the American embassy at Chungking, China. He was cited by the Secretary of the Navy for his report on the Russian invasion of Manchuria and its international ramifications.

JOHN MARTENS,
Washington, D. C.

Served With OSS

● Am a member of the General George W. Sliney Basha in San Francisco and served in New Delhi and Calcutta with the Office of Strategic Services.

GRACE M. MULLEN,
San Francisco, Calif.



TAJ MAHAL framed by trees. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

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